

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. There they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled;
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countrymen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths:
Who loues the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye to braue?
And you base Pezants, do ye belecue him, will you needs
be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London gates, that
you should leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til
you had recouered your ancient Freedome. But you are
all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to line in slauerie
to the Nobility. Let them breake your backs with bur-
thens, take your houses ouer your heads, rauish your
Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and so Gods Curse light vpon you
all.

All. We'll follow *Cade*,
We'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the sonne of Henry the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'll go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the spoile,
Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you liue at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished
Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you?
Me thinkes already in this ciuill broyle,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying *Villains* vnto all they meete:
Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry,
Then you should stoupe vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you haue lost:
Spare England, for it is your Native Coast:
Henry hath mony, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
We'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, haies them
to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leaue mee de-
solate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize
me. My sword make way for me, for heere is no staying:
in despite of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie
middest of you, and heauens and honor be witnessse, that
no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers
base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to
my heeles.

Buc. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exit some of them.

Follow me souldiers, wee'l deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and
Somerset on the Tarras.*

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.
King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter Multitudes with Halters about their
Neckes.*

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen set ope thy euermlasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thanks and praise.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey:
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And Henry though he be unfortunate,
Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde:
And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your seuerall Countreies.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be aduertised,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasse and stout Kernes,
Is marching hither ward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and Yorke
distrest,

Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boarded with a Pyrate.
But now is *Cade* driuen backe, his men dispiers'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke Edmund to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be dismist from him.

Somerset. My Lord,
Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Flourish.

Enter

Enter Cade.

Cade. Eye on Ambitions: he on my selfe, that haue a
sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five daies haue
I hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all
the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that
if I might haue a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I
could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue
I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or
picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole
a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word
Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for
a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill;
and many a time when I haue bene dry, & brauely mar-
ching, it hath seru'd me in steede of a quart pot to drinke
in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,
And may enioy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I seeke not to waxe great by others warnings,
Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:
Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my state,
And sends the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the foile come to seize me
for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leaue. A
Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes
of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make
thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword
like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,
And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:
Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt braue me with these sawcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was
broach'd, and beate thee to. Look on mee well, I haue
eate no meate these five dayes, yet come thou and thy
five men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore
naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Esquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combate a poore famisht man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy legge a stick compared with this Truncheon,
My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast,
And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre,
Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whose greatnesse answer's words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champi-
on that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or
cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chins of Beefe,
ere thou sleepest in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees
thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnails.

Heere they Fight.

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten

thousand diu-
ten meales I
Garden, and
dwell in this
Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't
Sword, I will
And hang the
Ne're shall th
But thou shal
To emblaze t

Cade. *Iden.*
Kent from me
the World to
am vanquish

Iden. How m
Die damned
And as I thru

So with I, In
Hence will I
Vnto a dungh
And there cut
Which I will
Leauing thy t

Enter

Yor. From
And plucke
Ring Belles
To entertaine
Ah *Sancta M*
Let them obe
This hand wa
I cannot giue
Except a Sw
A Scepter sh
On which Ile

Whom haue
The king hat

Buc. *Yor.*
Yor. *Hun*
Art thou a M

Buc. A M
To know the
Or why, thou
Against thy C
Should raise f
Or dare to b

Yor. Scar
Oh I could h

I am so angry
And now like

On Sheepe o
I am farre be
More like a K

But I must m
Till Henry be
Buckingham
That I haue g

My minde w
The cause w